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Poetry.

From the National Era.

LINES

Written for the Amesbury and Salisbury Porticultural Exhibition, 20th tenth Mo., 1858.

This day two hundred years ago,
The wild grape on the river's side,
And the tasteless ground nut, trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear,
The mirror of the Powwow told.
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to tell.
These vales the idle hunter trod
Nor knew the glad, creative skill.
The joy of him who tols with God.

Oh! Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine!

And thanks, that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at least in heaven!

J. G. W.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

BY J. G. WHITTER.

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
The curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not e'en Russia's menials wear?
Up now for Freedom! not in strife
Like that our sterner fathers saw—
That awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war;
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth oppression's rod:
With those mild arms of truth and love,
Made mighty through the living God!
Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood,
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another alter there,
To truth and love and mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO HOMES.

Two men on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly; and two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said in a fearful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school.

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased, "I wasn't to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Wolcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words fell with a rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well, we will see about that," he answered with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavey eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand.

"Father;" he opened his eyes, "here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others."

The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer.—The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen, they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly.

"The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest in using it up."

Mr Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary and hopeless he felt! The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife, coolly.

"But he did not stir."

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very much, he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say anythiug is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining-room. When she returned her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No, I don't wish anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott.—What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries, but rather of querelous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood behind her husband, but as he did not seem inclined to answer questions, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtfull kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self gratification.

No wonder, from the presure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott' empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbor of Mr. Wolcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came: "How slight the present hold upon all these comforts."—Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the depression from which he was suffering became too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired tenderly, as she drew his large arm chair toward the center of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere a pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoes and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of heart sunshine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.

But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked during the evening by an unsual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she had intended to speak to him, for she feared they would add to his mental eisquietude. During the evening she gleaned from something he said the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses and the propriety of restriction in various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous and easily to be dispensed with, and before sleep fell soothingly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one-half.

"I see light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body and a confident spirit he went forth the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Weak despondency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world and conquered in the struggle.

"I s e light ahead," gave place to "The Morning breaketh!"—*Orange Blossoms.*

Life in Kansas--How People "Get On" Out There.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, gives the following racy account of Kansas life as he saw and experienced it:

I went into a sort of tavern in Kansas, where there were stout, big, fat men laying upon sorter beds, shaking with the ague, while in an adjoining room teamsters were hugging and kissing their sweethearts, who sat on their laps, and the oxen lying down by the door sill, resting.—The dogs, cats, hogs and fowls all seemed in partnership, enjoying *"squatter sovereignty."* I lighted my pipe and took a stroll among the bipeds, quadrupeds and family group. In one place sat a once good looking lady, with a little child in her arms dying; in the yard was an old mattress, quilt and blanket airing, and the varmints running off them to hide from the sun; in an old wooden bucket, close by, was some mouldy, half cooked bis cuit, and lots and slivers of dirt piled up here and there, in the corners of the room; the sun was hot—the thermometer stood at 90 in the shade—everything sought the shade and was glad—dust and sand was flying in clouds, and the musquitoes, real gallinippers, came down in swarms. I looked outside, inside, upward and downward, all about me, saw nothing pleasing except the girl sitting on the fellow's lap, who, whenever he squeezed her right smartly, would cry out, *"Oh! don't—odd-rot-rot you, man! I reckon as how you never had a fellow feelin' of you."*

Old goggle eyes came up with his new boots on, "right straight," all the way from Cincinnati. He was on a visit to see his son. Next came that fellow from Milwaukee; he wanted to get away from "them pesky railroads that were ruinin' our country;" them internal improvements going on in Wisconsin was breaking up *"squatter sovereignty,"* "a right smart chance," who were emigrating to Kansas, working in a tavern—but he had eaten a green watermelon back on the road, that gin him the cramp colic, and he wanted some whisky "powerful bad."

A pretty good sort of an Irish girl, who had been out to Kansas, came along in the stage, to get back to Illinois; she was tired of Kansas—had seen enough of it—had shook with the fever and ague until little was left of her. Dinner was announced, and such another mess—(dinner) never mind—shut your eyes and *go it blind, flies and all—it is fresh meat anyhow. One fellow hauled out his bottle of bald-face to keep the stuff down, another paid fifty cents to be let off. Everybody comes when the bell rings—the d—l take the hindmost, and such another pulling and hauling, the grease flies in every direction—the old dame hands round her muddy coffee—brings in the frying pan from off the fire outside, crying out, "help yourselves, gentlemen, to the truck." It had no name, and as for colors, was as various as the rainbow.* One half of the stage passengers have not got out of the house or tavern, before the driver is off, while those behind halloo at the top of their voice, "stop, I am a passenger, don't leave me here." These little huckle-berry taverns, are strung all along every road, and "entertainment for man and horse," chalked on a board, meets the eye. Some of Adam's old hens are here cooked up, called "chickens," but they are so tough a knife will not cut them, nor one's teeth penetrate them. I saw many of them, grown grey with age, that some people, not acquainted, call "grouse"—they are some Adam left, and found very thick along the road.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY!—Mr. John Glancey Jones, whose fellow citizens esteem him so highly that they have kindly allowed him to pass into retirement, has too active a mind not to improve his leisure. *On dit* that he will devote his time and to the production of a New Cookery Book, with select receipts from the kitchen of the White House. It will be curiously illustrated with cuts, among which will prominently figure *the cut direct*, given to him on Tuesday (at the polls) by Berks county.—*Forney's Press*

The "Little Giant" and Mr. Lincoln.

Senator Douglas and the Hon. Abram Lincoln have debated the political topics of the day before the People of Illinois in most of the Congressional Districts of the State. Multitudes have gathered to hear these champions in debate, and the excitement has run high with the masses, though everything has been done decently and in order.

The first few debates the "Little Giant" was a full match for his sledge-hammer competitor, but in the later encounters "Old Abe" appears to be driving the "Giant" to the wall. He has got Douglas on the defensive evidently, and his well directed blows tell better than when he first commenced striking out.

Mr. Douglas gets excited, starts off under full head and seems to lack wind and muscle for the closing rounds, while Mr. Lincoln commences calm and cool, and as he warms up the "head in chancery" gets terribly battered.

The sixth great debate between Lincoln and Douglas took place at Quincy on the 13th. Some 12,000 persons were present, and among the listeners were a boat load from Iowa and another from Missouri. Mr. Lincoln opened the debate, was followed by Douglas, and Lincoln concluded in a half hour rejoinder. In their opening speeches both conjured the people to maintain silence and withold all applause. We quote several extracts, indicating the spirit and power of the debate, from

MR. LINCOLN'S REJOINDER.

On taking the stand, Mr. Lincoln was recived with a tremendous cheer. He said:

MY FRIENDS:—Since Judge Douglas has said to you in his conclusion that he had not time in an hour and a half to answer all I had said in an hour, it follows of course that I will not be able to answer in half an hour all that he has said in an hour and a half. [Cheers and laughter.]

I wish to return to Judge Douglas my profound thanks for his public annunciation here to-day, to put on record, that his system of policy in regard to the institution of slavery *contemplates that it shall last forever.* [Great cheers, and cries of "Hit him again."] We are getting a little nearer the true issue of this controversy, and I am profoundly grateful for this one sentence. Judge Douglas asks "why cannot "the institution of slavery, or rather, why "cannot the nation, part slave and part "free, continue as our father made it *forever?*" In the first place, I insist that our fathers *did not* make this nation halt slave and half free, or part slave and part free. [Applause, and "That's so."] I insist that they found the institution of slavery existing here. They did not make it so, but they left it so because they knew of no way to get rid of it at that time. ["Good," "Good," "That's true."] When Judge Douglas undertakes to say that as a matter of choice the fathers of the government made this nation part slave and part free, *he assumes what is historically a falsehood.* [Long continued applause.] More than that; when the fathers of the government cut off the source of slavery by the abolition of the slave trade, and adopted a system of restricting it from the new Territories where it had not existed, I maintain that they placed where they understood, and all sensible men understood, it was in the course of ultimate extinction ["that's so"]; and when Judge Douglas asks me why it cannot continue as our fathers made it, I ask him why he and his friends could not let it remain as our fathers made it? [Tremendous cheering.]

It is precisely all I ask of him in relation to the institution of slavery, that it shall be placed upon the basis that our fathers placed it upon. Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, once said, and truly said, that when this government was established, no one expected the institution of slavery to last until this day; and that the men who formed this government were wiser and better men than the men of these days; but the men of these days had experience which the fathers had not, and that experience had taught them the invention of the cotton gin, and this had made the perpetuation of the institution of slavery a necessity in this country. Judge Douglas could not let it stand upon the basis upon which our fathers placed it, but removed it and *put it upon the cotton gin basis.* [Roar of laughter and enthusiastic applause.] It is a question, therefore, for him and his friends to answer—why they could not let it remain where the fathers of the Government originally placed it. [Cheers, and cries of "Hurrah for Lincoln!" "Good!"—"Good!"]

I hope nobody has understood me as trying to sustain the doctrine that we have a right to quarrel with Kentucky, or Virginia, or any of the slave States, about the institution of slavery—thus giving the Judge an opertunity to make himself eloquent and valiant against us in fighting for their rights. I expressly declared in my opening speech, that I had neither the inclination to exercise, nor the belief in the existance of the right to interfere with the States of Kentucky or Virginia in doing as they pleased with slavery or any other existing institution. [Loud applause.] Then what becomes of all his eloquence in behalf of the rights of States, which are assailed by no living man? [Applause. "He knows it's all humbuggery."]

But I have to hurry on, for I have but a half hour. The Judge has informed me, or informed this audience, that the Washington *Union* is laboring for my election to the United States Senate. [Cheers and laughter.] That is news to me—not very ungrateful news either. [Turning to Mr. W. H. Carlin, who was on the stand]—I hope that Carlin will be elected to the State Senate and will vote for me. [Mr. Carlin shook his head.] Carlin don't fail in, I perceive, and I suppose he will not do so much for me [laughter,] but I am glad of all the support I can get anywhere, if I can get it without practicing any deception to obtain it. In regard to this large portion of Judge Douglas' speech, in which he tries to show that in the controversy between himself and the Administration party he is in the right, I do not feel myself at all competent or inclined to answer him. I say to him, "Give it to them [laughter]—give it to them just all you can" [renewed laughter and cheers]—and, on the other hand, I say to Carlin, and Jake Davis, and to this man Wogley up here in Hancock, "Give it to Douglas [roars of laughter]—just pour it into him."—[Cheers and laughter, "Good for you," "Hurrah for Lincoln!"]

Now in regard to this matter of the Dred Scott decision, I wish to say a word or two. After all, the Judge will not say whether if a decision is made holding that the people of the States cannot exclude slavery he will support it or not. He obstinately refuses to say what he will do in that case. The Judges of the Supreme Court as obstinately refused to say what they would do on this subject. Before this I reminded him that at Galesburg he had said the Judges had expressly declared the contrary, and you remember that in my opening speech I told him I had the book containing that decision here, and I would thank him to lay his finger on the place where any such think was said. He has occupied his hour and a half, and he has not ventured to try to sustain the assertion. [Loud cheers.] *He never will.*—[Renewed cheers.] But he is desirous of knowing how we are going to reverse the Dred Scott decision. Judge Douglas ought to know how. Did not he and his political friends find a way to reverse the decision of that same Court in favor of the constitutionality of the National Bank?—[Cheers and laughter. Didn't they find a way to do it so effectually that they have reversed it as completely as any decision ever was reversed it as completely as any decision ever was reversed—so far as its practical operation is concerned? [Cheers and cries of "good," "good."] And let me ask you, didn't Judge Douglas find a way to reverse the decision of our Supreme Court, when it decided that Carlin's father—old Governor Carlin—had not the constitutional power to remove a Secretary of State? [Great cheering and laughter.] Did he not appeal to the "MOBS," as he calls them? Did he not make speeches in the lobby to show how villianous that decision was, and how it ought to be overthrown? Did he not succeed too, in getting an act passed by the Legislature to have it over thrown? And didn't he himself sit down on that bench as one of the five added judges, who were to overslaugh the four old ones—getting his name of "Judge" in that way and no other? [Thundering cheers and laughter.] If there is a villiany in using disrespect or making opposition to Supreme Court decisions, I commend it to Judge Douglas' earnest consideration.—[Cheers and laughter.] I know of no man in the State of Illinois who ought to know so well about *how much* villiany it takes to oppose a decision of the Supreme Court, as our honorable friend Stephsn A. Douglas. [Long continued applause.]

Judge Douglas also makes the declaration that I say the Democrats are bound by the Dred Scott decision while the Republicans are not. In the sense in which he argues, never used it; but I will tell you what I have said and what I do not hesitate to repeat to day. I have said that as Democrats believe that decision to be correct and that the extension of slavery is affirmed in the National Constitution, they are bound to support it as such; and I will tell you here that Genaral Jackson once said each man was bound to support the Constitution "as he understood it." Now, Judge Douglas understands the Constitution according to the Dred Scott decision, and he is bound to support it as he understands it. [Cheers.] I understand another way, and therefore I am bound to support it in the way in which I understand it. [Prolonged applause.] And as Judge Douglas believes that decision to be correct, I will re-make that argument if I have time to do so. Let me talk to some gentleman down there among you who looks me in the face. We will say you are a member down there among you who looks me in the face. We will say you are a member of the Territorial Legislature, and like Judge Douglas, you believe that the right to take and hold slaves there is a constitutional right. The first thing you do is to *swear you will support the Constitution* and all rights guaranteed therein; that you will, whenever your neighbor needs your legislation to support his constitutional rights, not withhold that legislation. If you withhold that necessary legislation for the support of the Constitution and constitutional rights, do you not commit perjury? [Cries of "Yes"] I ask every sensible man, if that is not so? ["Yes, yes"—"That's a fact."] That is undoubtedly just so, say what you please. Now that is precisely what Judge Douglas says, that this is a constitutional right. Does the Judge mean to say that the Territorial Legislature in legislating may, by withholding necessary lows, or by passing unfriendly laws, *nullify that Constitutional right?* Does he mean to say that? Does he mean to ignore the proposition so long long known and well known and well established in the law, that what you cannot do directly, you cannot indirectly? Does he mean that? The truth about the matter is this: Judge Douglas has sung pæans to his "Popular Sovereignty" doctrine until his Supreme Court co-operating with him has *squatted* his Squatter Sovereignty out. [Uproarious laughter and applause.] But he will keep up this species of humbuggery aboue Squatter Sovereignty. He has at last invented this sort of *do-nothing sovereignty*—[renewed laughter—that the people may exclude slavery by a sort of "Sovereignty" that is exercised by doing nothing at all. [Continued laughter.] Is not that running his Popular Sovereignty down as thin as the homopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death? [Roars of laughter and cheering.] But at last, when it is brought to the test of close reasoning, there is not even that thin decoction of it left. It is a presumption impossible in the dominion of thought. It is precisely no other than the putting of that most unphilosophical proposition, that two bodies may occupy the same time. The Dred Scott decision covers the whole ground, and while it occupies it, there is no room even for the shadow of a starved pigion to occupy the same ground. [Great cheering and laughter.]

A voice, on the platform—"Your time is almost out." [Loud cries of "Go on, go on"—"We'll listen all day."]

After discussing several personal matters between himself and Mr. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln then concluded:

Then he wants to know why I won't withdraw the charge in regard to a conspiracy to make slavery national, as he has withdrawn the one he has made. May it please his worship, I will withdraw it *when it is proven on me as that was proven on him.* [Shouts of applause and laughter.] I will add a little more than that, I will withdraw it whenever a reasonable man shall be brought to believe that the charge is not true. [Renewed applause.] I have asked Judge Douglas' attention to certain matters of fact tending to prove the charge of a conspiracy to nationalize slavery, and he says he convinces me that this was all untrue because Buchanan was not in the country at that time, and because the Dred Scott case had not then got into the Supreme Court; and he says that I say the Democratic owners of Dred Scott got up the case. I never did say that. [Applause.] I defy Judge Douglas to show that I ever said so *for I never uttered it.* [One of Mr. Douglas' reporters gesticulated affirmatively at Mr. Lincoln.] I don't care if your hireling does say I did, I tell you myself that I never said the *"Democratic" owners of Dred Scott got up the case.* [Tremendous enthusiasm.] I have never pretended to know whether Dred Scott's owners were Democrats, or Abolitionists, or Free Soilers, or Border Ruffians. I have said that there is evidence about the case tending to show that it was a made up case, for the purpose of getting that decision. I have said that evidence was very strong in the fact that when Dred Scott was declared to be a slave the owner of him made him free, showing that he had had the case tried and the question settled for as much use as could be made of that decision; he cared nothing about the property thus declared to be his by that decision. [Enthusiastic applause.] But my time is out and I can say no more.

As Mr. Lincoln retired, a deafening cheer went up that was continued with unabated enthusiasm for some minutes.

The New Fashions.

The new fashions for the coming season do not certainly indicate any dimiuution either in the extravagance of the expense or in volume. The gigantic petticoat grows in despite of the animadversions of journalists, and the sarcasms of satirists.

The ebullition of ill humor against hoops, is as applicable to the women of the nineteenth century as to those of the eighteenth, whether they be cased in hoops of crinoline or in hoops of steel. A short time since, in Holland, a lady was fined as a public nuisance for taking up too much of the sidewalk, and obstructing the passage for pedestrians.

The dress bonnets for the autumn are generally fashioned of a mixture of stripes of light colored velvet, with velvet blonde, feathers and lace. The sloping crowns may be formed of tulle, either black or white, and the front edged with a broad band of blue, white, pink, or lilac velvet; the ornaments are two white feathers, tipped with the same color as the velvet, and they are placed rather far back on the sides. The tulle curtain is edged with a narrow roll of velvet, and is trimmed with a trellis blonde, and the bondeau in front is formed by a double bow of blue velvet.

Pretty bonnets of gray silk have a puffed and pointed crown, blue curtains and strings, gray and blue bows outside, and a double bow of the same kind inside. All dresses are now made without basques; the corsage a point, and double skirts are rarely seen. Flounces continue in favor for both thin and thick materials, and are worn in the streets as well as at evening entertainments.

The burnous will be the most fashionable style of autumn and winter outer garment. Casaques, of the same material as the robes are also worn, and form a very suitable and becoming walking costume. They are tight to the figure and without any trimming. Dark plain silks are much in vogue for this style of costume; and the skirt, under the casaque, is perfectly plain, without any ornament, excepting a row of large buttons down the front, matching those on the corsage of the casaque. The very warm weather has prevented any display as yet, of autumn and winter modes; in the course of a fortnight we will be able to initiate your fair readers more fully into the mysteries of the shapes, materials, and styles of grouns, mantles, bonnets and *lingerie.*

A Brood of Banks in Minnesota.

Minnesota is about to become the mother of a litter of Banks, which we trust will not prove to be of the genus "Wild Cat," though the region is wild and prolific. Under the Bank Laws passed by the Democratic Legislature of the young State some eighteen applications have been filed with the Auditor, and according to the St. Paul *Times* itis probable that in the course of a couple of months most of the contemplated banks will be in operation, at least so far as the issues of promises to pay are concerned. The Auditor countersigned the bills of the State Bank. The stocks to be deposited will chiefly consist of the railroad bonds of the State, and the balance probably of the original bonds given to secure the $250,000 loan.

MY WIFE.—When I married, my wife erected a family altar. I could not pray; but she could. I did not love to pray; but she did, for ten years she led in prayer, and blessed be God, she has prayed us all into the kingdom of God—me, my two apprentices, and I expect all three of the children," said a rough man, now subdued into Christian meekness and sobriety. "I thank God for a wife that has had courage to pray before an ungodly husband."

An Interesting Epistle.

The Toronto *Leader* publishes the following as a genuine letter from the gentleman who was the bearer of the petition to the Queen of England, to attend the opening of the great Canadian Exibition, and the inauguration of the Canadian Crystal Pallace. It is valuable as showing that "edecation" is not confined to "Foley's deestrict:"

An Elegant Epistle from Mr. Embassador Norris.

to the Mayor and Corperation of Toronto

BURILL HOTEL,
LONDON BRIDGE
Fryday Sept. 10 1868.

MR. MAYOR & GENTLEMAN—I think it but write to inferm you that the petition Intrusted to my care asking the prince of wales to open our exibition is now in the hands of hir najestys government receiving there most anxious consideration.

I apprehend that from the laitness of the season it would be unreasonable to expect any of the royal famiiey out to cannada this year—but if the exibition could have been postponed until next year It could have been made one of the grandest things for canada that ever occured.

Mr. Mayor I wish you to recollect that this is no idle poast, but a reality & my reasen for something to that conclusion is the magnificent manner in which I have been received by all classes of Society,—Lords—Merchant in fact all partys & the only objection was a pity It could not be put off until next year and make a grand national Exhibition of it I would Send out most willingly a case of goods for canada deserves it from us—well then there is the press all honour to them the thundreing times Morning Post and all the goverment papers Including the small fry are crowding with articles on cannada and advocating the nesesity of a visit from Majesty itself.

Mr. Maor I have had Several Interview with members of the government by all of which I have been received most warmly as to lord Carnarvin he should have been a canadian he as a Dear fellow & I hopeto be one of those who will give him a hearty cheer when we accompany hir majesty next year to canada of course I speak of the goverment in there private *capacity.*

I am to have an Interveau this Day with one of the government but it would be late for this post so i cant tell you the result.

Mr. Mayor In my opinion you have one duty to perform and it is his no matter how I have worked you must consider I cant accomplish this grand object without some assistance from the citizens they shold calll meetings in all parts of canada and above all things the papers on whom I depend to, help me out, should rake the matter up and send the resolutions pass by those meetings to the press here—So as to strengthen my position—perticulerly the press which is a goverment paper and has dun good service to Canada In fact all the papers in London deserve well at your hands—I trust you will hand this note to the press in Toronto whom I am sure will send forth the news thruecout the province.

Mr. Mayor the moment I receive my answer I will start for Canada but it shall be but to return to london stronger than ever in the cause.

Having taken this matter in hand Mr. Mayor rest assured I am not the man to be prevented from accomplishing my purpose by the coldness or apathy of some of the almost unpresedented obstacles that have stood in my way Since, I took it up all of which have crumbled away.

P S I beg to enclose a specimen of my success from the Literary Gazett a paper strictly aristocratic—by grace—special those slips have been sent down—to enclose to you as the paper will not be printed until to-morow.

I am Mr Mayor
Faithfully yonrs &
J G NORRIS

Telegraphic from America.

The following humorous hits are from the London Punch:

Owing to the variation of clocks, and the smartness of the citizens of the United States. it is now the middle of next week in New York. The banquet in honor of the Atlantic Cable has taken place, and we are enabled, by submarine telegraph, to furnish a list of some of the toasts and sentiments,

"To the United States citizens who planned, made, and laid the Atlantic Cable, and to the British capitalists who subscribed a trifle towards it!"

"To the memory of the immortal Franklin, as discovered the lightning, and to Cirus Field, as greased it."

"Christopher Columbus, whose discovery rendered possible the two great facts of the day—Shakspeare and the United States."

"The immortal Shakspeare, raised in the Old Country, but appreciated only in the New, and who, had he lived in the present day, would certainly have been a free and enlightened American citizen."

"Success to the Almighty dollar, and its kindred rights of free expectoration, annexion, and whooping your own nigger."

"Hail to the American Eagle! May he poise himself above the broad Atlantic, with a wing apiece on England and Columbia, and his beak and tail pointing to States of the Union yet to be."

"Success to the British Lion, as long as he is couchant; but, if ever he becomes ramphant, may be scouraged by the star-spangled banner, till he puts his tail between his legs and howls with anguish."

☞ George Coleman, getting out of an hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George with his inimitable chuckle; "yours is a bad coach."

☞ The song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the murmuring brooklets and the prattle of children, are all parts of the great anthem of Nature, whose sweetest symphonies sound during the bright sunshine of Spring.